

## **novelty coffee mugs (and other things your boyfriend doesn't want for christmas) by plinys**

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**Summary:**

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"Okay, so you were right, not a sex toy!"

# **novelty coffee mugs (and other things your boyfriend doesn't want for christmas)**

## **Author's Note:**

shout out to twitter for making me want to buy these dumb mugs

“What the fuck are these?”

“Probably not a sex toy,” Richie says, calling across their apartment.

He’s been staring at his laptop for the past hour trying to write something, *anything*, for his new material. But his brain was stuck in that weird place where it just kept repeating old jokes that he knows he’s heard *somewhere* and they sure as hell aren’t his own. Bill would have called this writer’s block, but Richie thinks that’s dumb and refuses to give it a name. Giving things a name gives them power. Right now all of this is just an *inconvenience*.

Maybe that’s why he relishes the note of confusion in Eddie’s voice, a distraction from poking at keys and pretending that he’s being productive.

“I mean,” Richie pauses, closing his laptop and leaving his laptop behind on the living room table to head to where Eddie is in their bedroom. “It *might* be a sex toy. Anything can be a sex toy if you really try, Eds. And I’ve always considered myself the sort of guy that will try anything once.”

“Shut up,” Eddie replies, but it’s got a touch of *fondness* to it, so Richie doesn’t mind.

He leans against the frame of their bedroom door to see Eddie, half dressed in his pajamas, clearly having stopped in the middle of buttoning up his sleep shirt (because Eddie wears fancy as fuck *flannel pajamas* to sleep, apparently because he gets cold at night, though Richie calls bullshit on that too) once he discovered whatever the fuck it was that he discovered.

Only thing, Richie sees what it was.

It *wasn't* the little box that Richie was keeping in a very different hiding place in their apartment which is a *relief*.

But it definitely wasn't something that he was supposed to find.

Because there in Eddie's hands are two coffee mugs: one labeled *MILF* and the other, *DILF*.

"Okay, so you were right, not a sex toy," Richie says, aiming for casual. It's not casual at all. Not really, and Eddie arches a suspicious eyebrow his way. "Since somebody prohibited kitchen sex because it is, and I quote, *unsanitary and dangerous*."

"We eat in there," Eddie reminds him, wrinkling his nose.

They've had this discussion before.

Multiple times.

And Richie has lost every single time.

Though he can't help but try again.

"And I could eat you out in there, but someone has to ruin the fun."

"Richie, focus," Eddie says, before repeating his question, "What the fuck are these?"

"Coffee mugs."

"Thank you, Captain Obvious."

"Novelty coffee mugs," Richie tries again.

Eddie's eye roll is truly something magnificent. And Richie would be lying if said that *that* didn't get him going a little bit, the light levels of being done with his nonsense far more of a turn on than it should be. All those years pining really fucked him up.

"I gathered that."

"I mean, we'd have to decide who is the DILF and who is the MILF," Richie says. "As I am a known *mother fucker*, I truly believe that you have to be the MILF to my DILF to keep up my trend, but then again, as you are the one with a mommy kink-"

"I don't have a mommy kink," Eddie says, the hint of a flush on his cheeks.

And Richie can't help but grin at how easy it is to get Eddie flustered, "I don't kink shame baby, you can call me mommy if you like, I mean, it'll be weird since I fucked your mom, but, you know, the things I do for love."

"Fuck," Eddie says with a groan. "Why am I in love with you?"

"I ask myself that question every day."

Eddie sets the coffee mugs back down in the bottom of their closet, where they had been previously, to fix Richie a look that is too close to serious. "This really is one of those joke things right? Not like, some subliminal message that you want to adopt a kid or something."

"Fuck no," Richie says.

"Oh thank god."

"I mean, could you imagine us with a kid, it's first word would probably be *fuck* and we'd have to remember to feed it. We couldn't even keep your divorce succulents alive."

They really had tried to keep the plants alive.

It was a noble effort.

One that Richie, with his notorious black thumb, had doomed them from the start.

"I mean, we could get a dog or something," Eddie says. "Maybe a cat, a cat seems easier to take care of..."

"Cats hate me," Richie points out.

“Lots of people hate me.”

“I don’t.”

“You sure?”

Eddie pauses to consider that, “At least eighty percent.”

Richie laughs at that.

“Seriously, I don’t need a kid or a pet or anything fuck, I mean we might get asked to babysit in the future, but they’ll probably ask someone responsible like Mike and-” Richie stops. Cuts himself off suddenly, because he realizes all too soon that he’s said too much.

He’s always doing this.

Mouth moving faster than his brain.

Fucking *Trashmouth*.

He can see the way Eddie freezes, now looking at Richie with newfound suspicion. Eyes narrowing, as if he is trying to pick the lock instead of Richie’s head and have all of his secrets fall out at once. Eddie has always been too good at seeing through him.

“Who are they for?”

“They’re for us,” Richie says, voice coming out too quick. Not nearly believable enough. So he tacks on a, “Merry Christmas, good job ruining the surprise, Eds,” for good measure.

As expected Eddie doesn’t believe him.

The wheels turn in Eddie’s head and he knows, *knows*, that it is too late to escape Eddie figuring out now, but he can’t help but try - “Actually, I think you calling me *daddy* could be real hot, want to try that out, let’s do that right now and forget about anything else! Great plan!”

“Oh god, Bev’s pregnant, isn’t she?”

“No,” Richie says, squeaking over the word. Because if there was *one* thing that Beverly had told him, it was not to tell anyone (even Eddie) before the official announcement on Friday.

And he had been doing good.

Had kept it a secret for nearly a week now, ever since he drove Beverly to three different drug stores to buy an extra large bottle of orange juice and a bag of pregnancy tests, *Juno style*, and was basically useless during her whole ‘What if Ben doesn’t want kids’ freak out.

Mostly because he knew with every fiber of his being that Ben was going to be *thrilled*.

Except the thing was, Ben didn’t know yet.

Which is why Eddie really wasn’t supposed to know.

Curse his need to give the best (and at the same time, worst) gifts.

“No, that’s *ridiculous*,” Richie says. “How would she even - that can’t happen, people don’t just get pregnant, *what?*”

“Am I supposed to believe that?”

“Bev’s not pregnant,” Richie insists. “And if she *hypothetically* was, you wouldn’t know anything about it, until say three days from now when we all meet up for dinner at that one Chinese place that doesn’t get offended when we all skip out on the fortune cookies.”

“How were you in the closet for so long,” Eddie asks him, sounding genuinely amused. “You can’t keep a secret for shit?”

“We had amnesia! Clown induced amnesia! Repressed amnesia!”

“Fuck, I’m in love with an idiot.”

“I’m *your* idiot.”

(And sure, maybe a few days later when Beverly makes her *very big* and important announcement, and Richie presents his very beautiful and heartfelt gift to the happy couple, Eddie's face gives it all away, and Bev swats at him because he had *one secret to keep, for fuck's sake Richie, it wasn't that hard* , but it's all worth it, because Eddie smiles like him like he's hung the moon and the stars.

And maybe, just maybe, there's another secret, the heavy weight of a small box in his pocket, that he might just end up taking out later tonight.)